

NATIONAL

OCTOBER
No. 50

COMICS

5M
★
10
SPECIAL COMIC BOOK

10c

The **BARKER and HIS PALS**
are sold down the river to ROCKS MYZER!



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



New ENLARGEMENT

3¢

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5x7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

STAMP

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1251, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1251, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Color of Hair

Name _____

Address _____

Color of Eyes

City _____

State _____

Given
Your Choice of Valuable
GIFTS OR CASH

Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.

Birthstone RING
New, dainty ring set with birthstone correct for your month date. GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order. A Good Luck Gift.

SET OF DISHES
Complete set of dishes for four, beautifully decorated, GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

BASEBALL GAME
Enjoyed by old and young, complete with score pad. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

HOLSTER SET
Cowboy Outfit. Pistol and Holster. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

WALKY-TALKY
Gives hours of entertainment. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

SOFTBALL SET
3-piece outfit. Regulation ball, bat and cap. GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.

SEND TODAY
LEATHER BILLFOLD
Full sized leather billfold. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

FOUNTAIN PEN
Also pencil sets. GIVEN for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.

POWERFUL TELESCOPE
GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

CAMERA
Candid type. GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.

6 TEA-SPOONS

6 BILLFOLDS

GOLD CROWN SPOT REMOVER AND CLEANER at 25¢ each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with your first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Repeat orders bring cash or more gifts.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-455, Jefferson, Iowa.** for order to start.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Gift
Wanted

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-455, Jefferson, Iowa.

The BARKER



WORTH
HOW MUCH
???

Can
golden-voiced,
golden-hearted
Carnie
Calahan
and his pals
be bought
and sold?..

By Klaus Nordling

A
Curious
Adventure
of
Curious
People!



DUST MAH BOOTS,
MISS LENA, YE
SHORE ARE THE
IMAGE O' FULL-
BLOWN LOVELINESS!

YOU'RE JUST A
JOSHER, LIKE
ALL COWBOYS--
BUT I LOVE
IT!

ONCE YOU GET
THE KNACK,
CLARENCE, YOU
CAN JUGGLE
TWICE AS
MANY THINGS
AS I DO...

I'M WITHIN MY
RIGHTS, COLONEL!
PAY ME OR TURN
OVER YOUR
SHOW!

ER...YOU SEE,
CARNIE, MY
BOY -- I
BORROWED
HEAVILY FROM
ROCKS MYZER
TO EXPAND
THE SHOW-

BUT THE
BUSINESS
WE'RE DOING
WILL LET US
PAY OFF WHEN
WEVE FINISHED
THE TOUR!



BUT
WE
WON'T
WAIT!

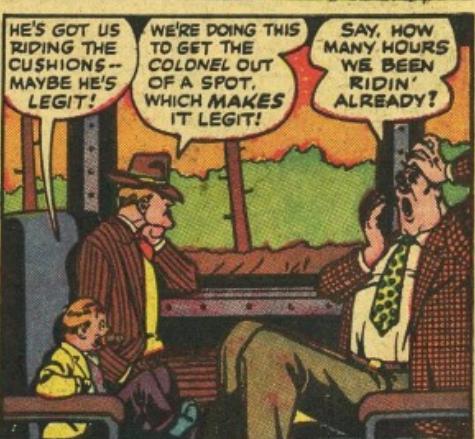
NONSENSE, MYZER! THE
SHOW'S WORTH MUCH
MORE THAN THAT DEBT!
YOU CAN'T TAKE
IT ALL!

I CAN--BUT,
AS I TOLD YOUR
BOSS, I'M WILLING
TO SETTLE FOR
"PART!"

GIVE HIM PART OF
IT, THEN, COLONEL!
AND WORK THE
REST TWICE AS
HARD TO GET
IT BACK!

YOU ADVISE THAT, MR. CALAHAN?..
SPLENDID! YOU SEE -- YOU ARE
PART OF THE PART I'M ASKING
HIM TO PART WITH!





NATIONAL COMICS



BLESS MY SOUL,
THEY'RE REAL!
I THOUGHT HE
WAS IN MAKEUP!

YEEOW! HELP ME, FELLERS!

PROTECT ME!
THAT'S YOUR
JOB!

I'LL TOSS THIS LITTLE
PIPSQUEAK CLEAR
TO ---



HOLD THIS KEESTER
AND WE'LL SEE WHO
TOSSES WHO!

I'VE GOT
HIM!

DID YOU SAY
SOMETHING,
BUB?

KF - KF - KF!
KF! KF!
GHHHHH ---

THEY'RE NO SCRAPPERS,
TINY -- BUT WHAT A BUNCH
OF **SPRINT STARS**
THEY'D MAKE!



NOW THINGS ARE
STATUS QUOED,
MYZER! HERE
COMES THE LAW!

MR. MYZER! I JEST
HEERD THAT
YE'D COME ---



IT'D BE SOONEST
MENDED IF'N YE'D
AGREE TER GIT---

PLEASE, OFFICER! -- WE
HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO
BE HERE! WE WERE
ATTACKED--



I DON'T KNOW THE FULL STORY YET, BUT I SURE DON'T LIKE THE FIRST INSTALLMENT! YOU, AS CONSTABLE, OWE US PROTECTION!

YOU'RE WITHIN YOUR RIGHTS, STRANGER-- I'M SORRY TO SAY! BUT I STILL WISH YOU'D CLEAR OUT!

IS THIS THE BEST HOTEL?

IT'S THE ONLY HOTEL! COME IN-- WE'LL GET A SUITE AND UNPACK!

WELL, MYZER! WHAT GAVE YOU THE IDEA WE'D LET YOU STAY HERE?

LOOK, COUSIN. I KNOW THE STATE HOTEL LAW! YOU CAN'T REFUSE A CUSTOMER--



--SO CHECK US IN, OR WE'RE WITHIN OUR RIGHTS, IF WE WRECK YOUR FLEA-BAG!

AND WE'RE THE GUYS WHO'D LOVE TO DO IT!



YOU CAN HAVE THIS FRONT ROOM! I'LL BE IN THE BACK!

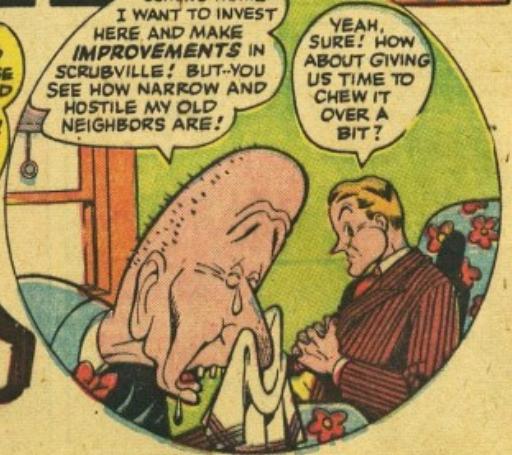
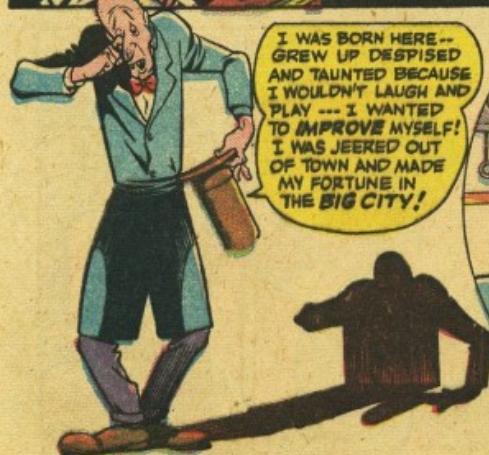
LOOK, WE'VE GOT TIME TO TALK NOW -- WHAT'S THE BEEF AGAINST YOU HERE?



NOW I'M COMING HOME-- I WANT TO INVEST

HERE AND MAKE IMPROVEMENTS IN SCRUBVILLE! BUT YOU SEE HOW NARROW AND HOSTILE MY OLD NEIGHBORS ARE!

YEAH, SURE! HOW ABOUT GIVING US TIME TO CHEW IT OVER A BIT?



NATIONAL COMICS

GENERALLY, WHEN THERE'S A GANG AGAINST ONE GUY, I'M ON THE SIDE OF THE ONE -- BUT NOW...

ME, TOO! I CAN'T FIGURE IF IT'S A RIGHT PITCH OR A CON! -- THIS MYZER LOOKS AND ACTS LIKE A MUZZLER!



OF COURSE, WE'RE BOUND TO TAKE HIS ORDERS, FOR THE COLONEL'S SAKE -- UH --- SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!

MORE TOUGH AGRICULTURISTS, NO DOUBT! LEAVE ME FIX THEIR FORETOPS!



TROUBLE YOU WANT,
TROUBLE YOU'LL GET,
BUT PLENTY! ...



MR. MYZER
WANTS TO BE THE BOSS
OF SCRUBVILLE! HE'S TAKEN
A MORTGAGE ON THE TOWN PICKLE
FACTORY... OUR ONE SOURCE OF
INCOME... FROM MY COUSIN RUBE--

WHAT'S HIS
ANGLE?
MONEY?
POLITICS?

BY RUNNING
THIS PLACE,
HE THINKS
HE CAN
MARRY
ME!

FIRST
IDEA OF
HIS I'VE
REALLY
AGREED
WITH!



NATIONAL COMICS

YOU SEE, WE'RE NOT SURE MY UNCLE DELBERT REALLY WILLED THE FACTORY TO RUBE! IN FACT---

WELL, DAISY! I'M CHARMED THAT YOU COULDN'T STAY AWAY!

ISN'T THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO SOFTEN YOUR HEART?

OF COURSE-- MARRY ME! --OR I'LL CLOSE THE FACTORY AND RUIN THE WHOLE TOWN!

NOW, MAKE UP YOUR MIND! WEDDING BELLS OR POOR HOUSE! I'M TIRED OF YOUR EVASIONS, YOUR EXCUSES--

TONE DOWN YOUR TREMULO, MYZER! I DIDN'T CONTRACT TO STAND BY WHILE YOU SNAPPED OFF ANY LADIES' HEADS!



NOBODY GETS SQUASHED BUT YOU! I SHALL NOW GET READY TO--



STAND EASY! YOU KNOW YOU HAVE TO OBEY ME, OR COLONEL LANE'S SHOW IS NO MORE!

SAME TECHNIQUE AS HERE--BUT WHY DID YOU GET OUR CONTRACT?



I NEEDED A FAST TALKER LIKE YOU--AND A MUSCLE MAN LIKE TINY--TO HELP ME GET INTO TOWN---

WHAT ABOUT ME?



I'M COMING TO MY REASON FOR YOUR SERVICES! I WANT--

ER--MISTER MYZER-- WE'D LIKE TO SAY SOMETHING, PLEASE--

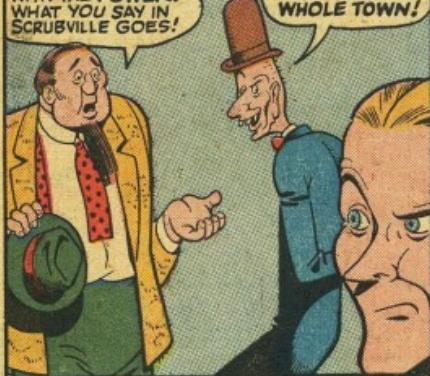
NATIONAL COMICS

WE'VE THOUGHT IT OVER--
WE CAN'T BUCK THE MAN
WITH THE **POWER!**
WHAT YOU SAY IN
SCRUBVILLE GOES!

HEAR THAT? ANY
FIGHTING YOU DO
IS AGAINST THE
WHOLE TOWN!

AND ANY RETURN BOUTS MAY NOT BE
SO EASY FOR YOU!.. YOU WON'T
HAVE THE **LAW** ON YOUR SIDE!

AMEN TO THAT!
COME WITH ME,
MAJOR MIDGE!



ADIOS AND TALLY-HO! PARTING
IS SUCH SORROW - BUT
URGENT BUSINESS AWAITS!

I'LL RAISE
THE WHOLE
TOWN TO
CATCH YOU!

HE'S HEADING FOR THE SHOW! AFTER
HIM -- HE'S STOLEN SOMETHING!

YESSIR, MR. HYZER--
ANYTHING YOU
SAY!



HEY, RUBE!!

THE MAJOR - IN TROUBLE!
FIGHT OFF THOSE TOWNIES!

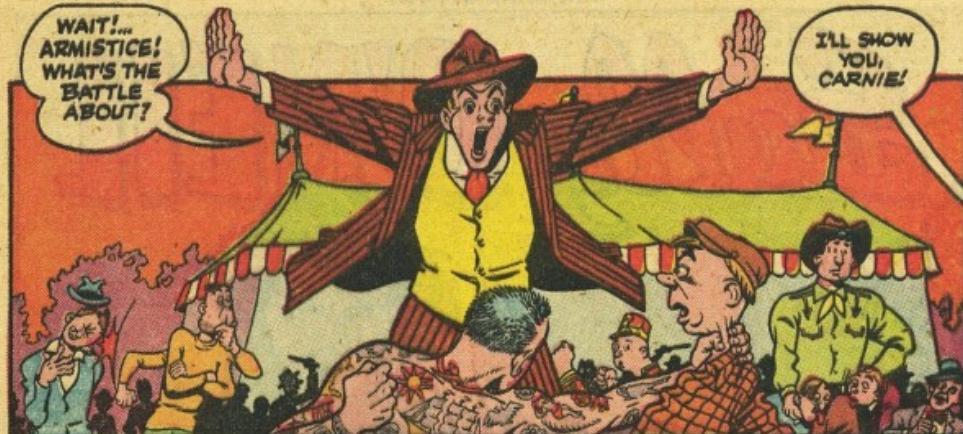
FIRE DEPARTMENT!
COME AND WASH THIS
CROOKED SHOW AWAY!

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR
A CHANCE LIKE THIS!

GET TO THAT
HOSE, TINY!

WHAT
ARE YOU--?

LET'S FIND
OUT!



Sally O'NEIL



THEY called them POKER FLATS-
but the game they really played
behind locked apartment doors
was a game of DEATH...until
Policewoman Sally O'Neil bet
her life on a marked card!







NOW I'LL... OH-OH!
SOMETHING TELLS
ME THERE'S NO
FINGER POKING
ME IN THE
BACK!

ALWAYS GOOD
FOR A LAUGH,
AREN'T YOU,
SALLY?



NOT ME, YOU
CHUMPS! WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
YOU?

YOU, TOO, FRAN! I WARNED
YOU TO STUDY POLICE PICTURES
AND NOT LET COPPERS INTO
THE FLAT! YOU FAILED ME,
SO I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!



DON'T WORRY,
MRS. CASE! WE'LL
GET YOU OUT OF
THIS! WE'RE
OUT TO SMASH
THESE VULTURES
FOR GOOD!

THAT ~~*****~~
DOUBLE-CROSSER!
GET ME OUT, SISTER,
AND I'LL SPILL DUDE PLenty.
I'LL SEND DUDE UP
FOR LIFE, THE RAT!



WATCH THEM EVERY
MINUTE, SAM -- AND
YOU, TOO, JEFF! IF
THEY MAKE ONE
VIP FOR HELP, SHUT
THEIR MOUTHS
PERMANENTLY!



DUDE DEGAN!
I HEARD YOU
WERE RUNNING
THESE GAMBLING
FLATS!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED
TO BUCK ME ALONE, SALLY!
TIE THE GIRLS UP, BOYS!
AND DO IT RIGHT!

A
PLEASURE,
BOSS!



YOU WANT
WE SHOULD
FINISH 'EM
HERE, DUDE?

NO! TAKE THEM TO MY
PLACE! I WANT TO SEE
HOW CLOSE THE COPS ARE
TO MY TRAIL! MAYBE I
CAN USE SALLY O'NEIL
TO TRADE WITH!



I'LL SCOUT AROUND! IF THE
COPS HAVEN'T RAIDED
FRAN'S PLACE BY NIGHT,
IT'LL BE SAFE TO FINISH
OFF THESE THREE AND
DUMP THEM IN
THE RIVER!



THEY'RE GOING
TO MURDER US!
WE'LL NEVER
GET OUT
ALIVE!

MAYBE IF YOU DO GET OUT,
YOU'LL BE MORE CHOOSEY
ABOUT THE TYPE OF
COMPANY YOU PICK
FOR AFTERNOON RECREATION!



HEY, BOYS, IF I HAVE
TO WAIT UNTIL NIGHT
TO DIE, WHY NOT LET
ME SIT IN THE GAME?
I PLAY PRETTY GOOD
POKER FOR A GIRL!

NO DICE, SISTER!
WE KNOW WHAT YOU'D
DO IF YOU GOT THEM
MITTS OF YOURS
UNTIED! SORRY!



ONE FUNNY
MOVE, BABY,
AND I'LL LET
DAYLIGHT
INTO YOU!

RELAX, SAM:
I'M TIED SO
TIGHT I
COULDN'T EVEN
BREATHE
HARD!

HOW ABOUT A
CIGARETTE,
SOMEBODY?
JUST LIGHT
ONE AND
HAND IT
TO ME!



I'M TIED TOO TIGHT TO WIGGLE
A FINGER! BUT SOMEHOW I'VE
GOT TO GET LOOSE! SAY --
THOSE OLD CARDS THEY'RE
USING! I WONDER...



SCARED? YOU'VE
GOT YOUR GUNS --
AND YOU COULD UNTIE
JUST ONE HAND! I
COULDN'T DO MUCH
DAMAGE WITH
THAT!



OKAY, BABY!
I LIKE DAMES
WITH NERVE!
YOU GOT WHAT
IT TAKES...

THANKS, PAL! I
ONLY HOPE THESE
OLD PLAYING
CARDS HAVE
WHAT IT
TAKES!

I DON'T GET YOU,
SISTER! -----
WHADDAYUH
MEAN?



WHY - OLD PLAYING CARDS HAVE CELLULOID BACKS - AND CELLULOID BURNS LIKE DRY POWDER!

HEY!



SEE WHAT I MEAN?

HEY! OWOOOO!
MY EYES!



SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BOYS, BUT POKER ISN'T REALLY MY TYPE OF GAME!

OWOOOO! ★★★!
DO SUMPIN'! GET ME OUTA HERE!



I PREFER THE MORE ATHLETIC TYPE OF GAMES...



...LIKE THIS FOR INSTANCE!

OWOOO!
SHE BUSTED MY WRISTS!



HALL-LP!
FIRE!

I'LL UNTIE YOU IN A MOMENT! WAIT'LL I PUT THIS PAIR OUT OF THEIR MISERIES!



YOU'RE QUITE A GIRL FOR TROUBLE, SALLY! LUCKY I CAME BACK EARLY!

YOU AGAIN!!



THIS TIME I TAKE NO CHANCES! YOU DIE HERE AND NOW!

YOU CAN'T BLAME A GIRL FOR TRYING, DUDE! BUT THE SHOTS WILL BRING COPS AND YOU'LL BE DONE FOR, ANYHOW...

NO, YOU DON'T! YOU'RE THE DIRTY RAT WHO GOT ME INTO THIS! BUT YOU'LL NEVER TRAP ANOTHER SILLY, BORED HOUSEWIFE!

WOW! TALK ABOUT POETIC JUSTICE!

HERE, GIVE ME THAT GUN! I'LL SAY I SHOT DUDE AND KEEP YOUR NAME OUT OF IT! I THINK YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON, MRS. CASE!

OOOOO!



AS FOR YOU, SISTER -- KEEP QUIET ABOUT THIS PART AND TURN STATE'S EVIDENCE AGAINST THE SYNDICATE AND YOU MAY GET OFF LIGHT!

I WON'T TELL ON HER! I SWEAR IT!

WHAT THE--?? IT'S SALLY O'NEIL!

GREAT WORK, SALLY! WITH THAT GIRL'S EVIDENCE, WE'LL CLOSE EVERY GAMBLING FLAT IN TOWN BEFORE MORNING!

FINE, CASEY, IT'LL BE A CLEANER TOWN WITH THE SYNDICATE WIPE OUT! BUT PROMISE ME ONE THING...

GIVE THE POOR, SILLY DELIRIOUS HOUSEWIVES A BREAK! THEY'LL GET A GOOD SCARE OUT OF THIS, BUT DON'T RUIN THEIR LIVES!

WE WON'T, SALLY! WHEREVER POSSIBLE, WE'LL KEEP THEIR NAMES OUT OF IT COMPLETELY! THEY'VE LEARNED THEIR LESSONS!





ALL THEM MONSOONS, TYPHOONS,
TIDAL WAVES AND STUFF IS
NO DISH FOR A
NEBRASKA
FARM BOY!

NONSENSE! — THERE'S
NOTHIN' T' BE AFRAID OF ... ABSOLUTELY
NOTHIN' ... Y'HEAR
ME?

WHAT'S AN OCEAN, ANYWAY?
NOTHIN' BUT A FEW MILLION
MISSISSIPPI RIVERS
MULTIPLIED BY A TRILLION OR
TWO PARK LAKES PILED
ON TOP!



"I CAN LICK ANY
OK%@#@ WAVE
THAT EVER
WAS!"

YOU
REALLY
THINK
SO?



QUICKSILVER



GOLD... precious,
massive, all powerful...

It may build you up
or SMASH YOU DOWN!

Quicksilver NEEDS
to be quick this time!

In a frowsy flophouse in
the district of derelicts...

STILL AT YER
STINKIN' CHEMICALS,
MUDGE? WOTCHA
MAKIN' NOW?

I'VE MADE
IT! GOLD--
PURE GOLD!

I'LL BE RICH!
RICHER
THAN--

GET A LOAD O' THIS JERK,
MATES! NUTTIER'N A
FRUIT CAKE!
HAW! HAW!

I'LL BE GONE FROM
AMONG YOU FLEA-
BITTEN BUMS! YOU
HAVEN'T THE WIT TO--

GIVIN' US THE UPSTAGE, HUH?
C'MON, LET'S SMASH DAT
PHONY CHEMICAL
SET O'HIS'N!



It is fate that Quicksilver takes the air near by....

GETTIM! GIVE HIM DE BIZNESS!

I DON'T KNOW WHO'S WHAT.. BUT IT'S A MOB AFTER ONE MAN .. AND I NEVER LIKE THAT!



SEE WHAT I MEAN?

IT'S QUICKSILVER! BETTER LAY OFF!



THANK YOU, SIR! I'M GOING NOW TO DEMONSTRATE MY GOLD-MAKING DISCOVERY TO A COMMITTEE OF BANKERS! YOU'LL BE REWARDED!

NO, THANKS! NONE OF MY TEETH NEEDS REFILLING!

But Quicksilver is intrigued! Unobserved, he follows....

THE LITTLE FELLOWS ACTUALLY SERIOUS! PERHAPS I SHOULD WAIT AROUND AND SEE WHAT IT ADDS UP TO!



WE SAID YOU COULD COME, MUDGE, JUST FOR A LAUGH! WE DON'T REALLY BELIEVE ...

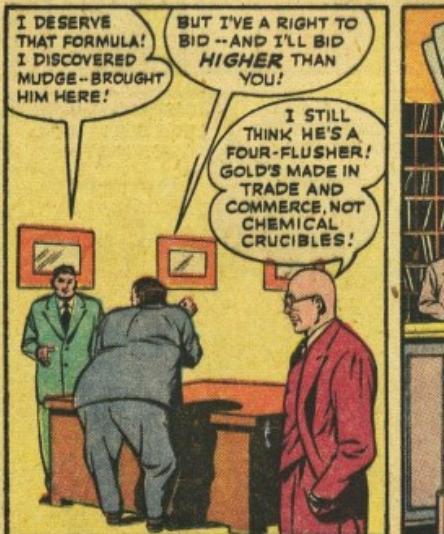
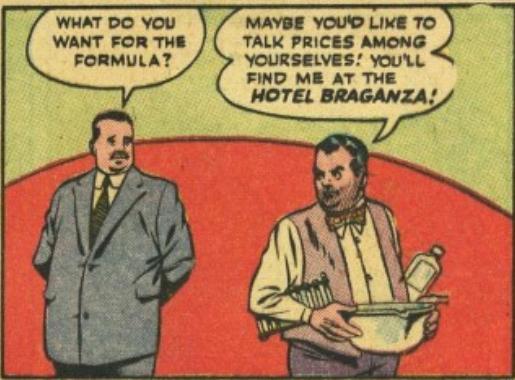
THEN I'LL CONVINCE YOU!



I'LL DEMONSTRATE, BUT I'M KEEPING THE FORMULA SECRET -- NOW!

JUST LIKE A B PICTURE ABOUT MAD SCIENCE!





Then, in Mudge's suite...









Windy Breeze



IT SAYS HERE, "A GOOD SALESMAN GETS TO THE POINT AND DOESN'T WASTE WORDS! ... THE SHORTER THE SALES TALK, THE BIGGER THE SALE!"



WELL, IF BREVITY MAKES A GOOD SALESMAN, I'M GONNA BE THE WORLD'S BEST!



LOOK!

HMP!



BUY?

NO!



WHY? BECAUSE!



BUT...

SCRAM!



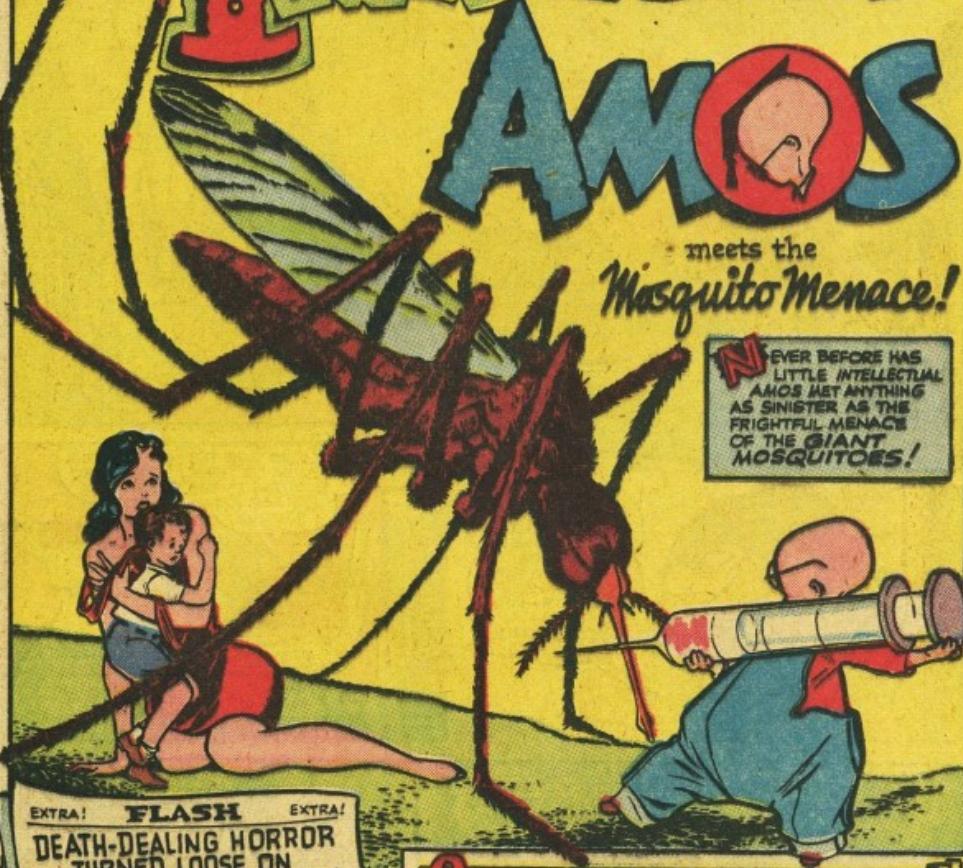
NUTS!



INTELLECTUAL AMOS

meets the
Mosquito Menace!

NEVER BEFORE HAS LITTLE INTELLECTUAL AMOS MET ANYTHING AS SINISTER AS THE FRIGHTFUL MENACE OF THE GIANT MOSQUITOES!



EXTRA! FLASH EXTRA!

DEATH-DEALING HORROR TURNED LOOSE ON HELPLESS WORLD!



MANY PEOPLE IN DANGER

GIGANTIC MOSQUITO SIGHTED!

MYSTERIOUS DISEASE!

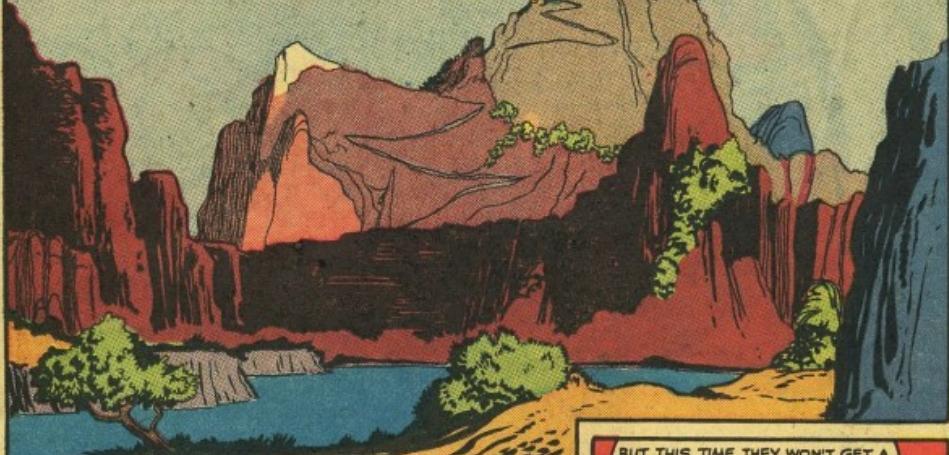


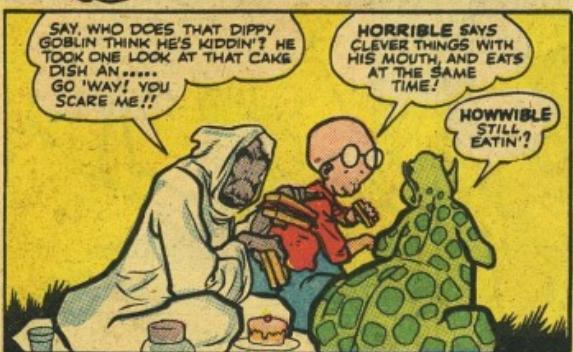
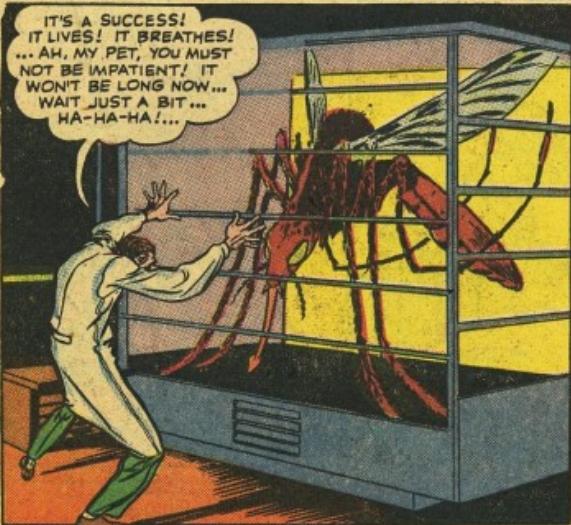
O UR STORY OPENS IN A GLOOMY OLD MANSION ON THE CREST OF HAMMIT MOUNTAIN ... THE ONLY LIVING PERSON IN THE OLD HOUSE IS DR. ERSATZ ...

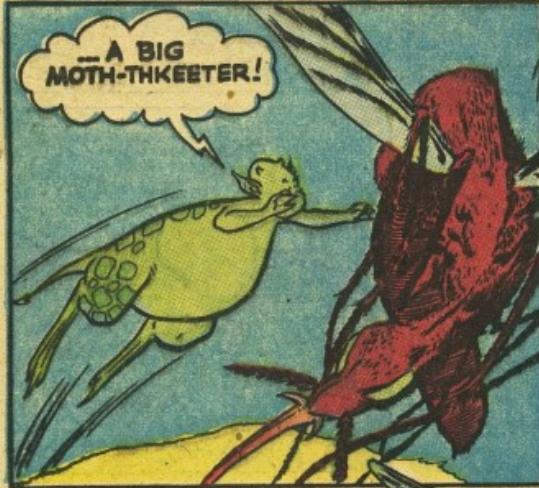
SLEEPING FOOLS IN THE VALLEY BELOW! YOU WILL SOON AWAKE AND RESPECT THE GENIUS OF DOCTOR ERSATZ!

In the failing light of evening, the lofty old Hammit mansion dominates the scene, like a black threat to the peaceful valley...
The voice of Dr. Ersatz rings out!...

AFTER THIS NIGHT,
THE ENTIRE COUNTRY--
YES, THE WHOLE WORLD--
WILL KNOW AND FEAR
THE SCIENTIST OF
HAMMIT MANSION!



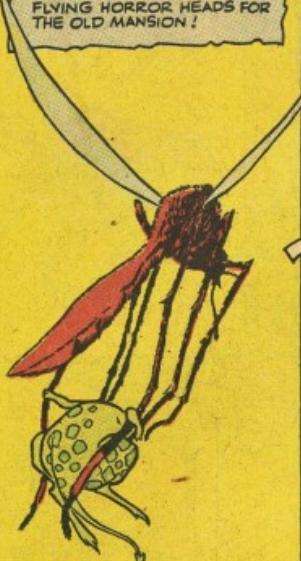




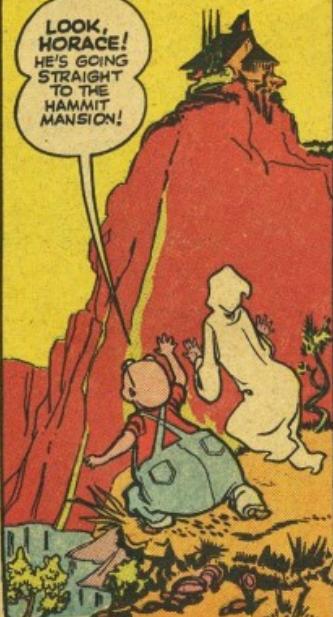
'MIXED UP' IS PUTTING IT MILDLY! AT THAT INSTANT THE MONSTER REGAINS ITS WINGS AND ...

NATIONAL COMICS

UP, UP, WITH THE WHIRRING OF ITS GIANT WINGS, THE REPULSIVE MONSTER DRAGS THE HAPLESS LITTLE GOBLIN... HEARING THE DEAFENING WHINE, THE PEOPLE IN THE VALLEY WATCH FEARFULLY AS THE LIVING HORROR HEADS FOR THE OLD MANSION!



LOOK,
HORACE!
HE'S GOING
STRAIGHT
TO THE
HAMMIT
MANSION!



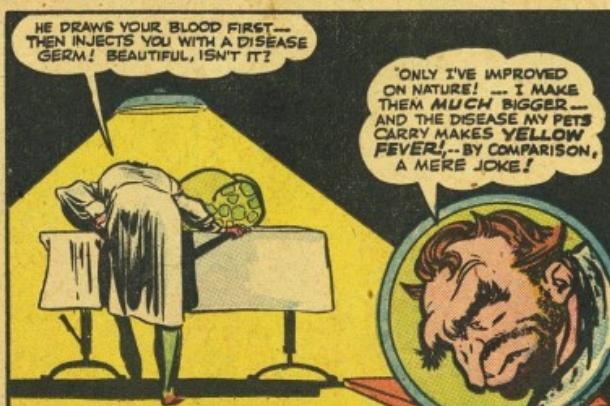
AMOS AND HORACE DASH MADLY IN THE DIRECTION OF HAMMIT MOUNTAIN! AS THEY RUN, AMOS DISPLAYS HIS REMARKABLE MEMORY! MENTALLY, HE STUDIES A BOOK ON "CONTROLLING INSECT PESTS"...



WHILE, UP ON HAMMIT MOUNTAIN... WHAT HAVE WE HERE?... ANIMAL OR HUMAN? WELCOME TO THE LABORATORY OF DOCTOR ERSATZ! HA! HA!



'ONLY I'VE IMPROVED ON NATURE! -- I MAKE THEM MUCH BIGGER -- AND THE DISEASE MY PETS CARRY MAKES YELLOW FEVER! -- BY COMPARISON, A MERE JOKE!





A SHORT TIME Later...

— AND SO THE EXPERIMENT IS RUINED!... AND DOCTOR ERSATEL WILL BE RUINED FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS... IN JAIL! AS FOR THE MONSTER, HE'LL KEEP TILL THE POLICE GET UP THERE AND RUIN HIM!

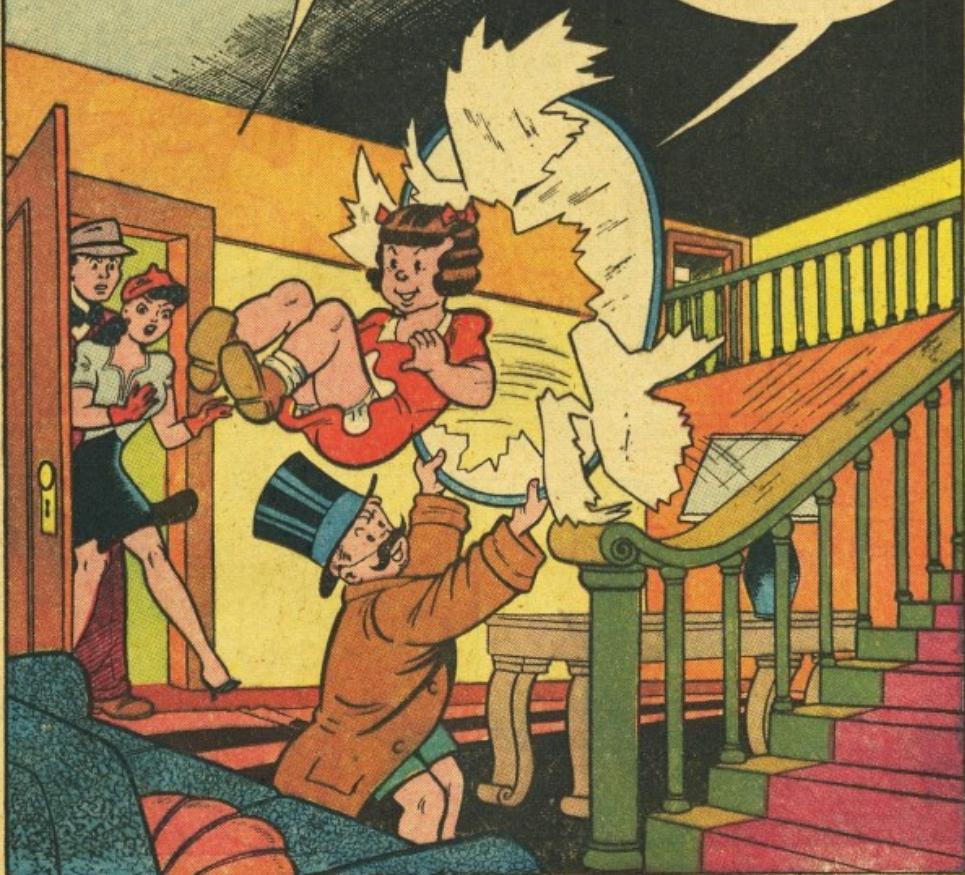
HOLD STILL A SEC', AMOS! I WANT TO THANK YOU... THERE!!



LASSIE

LASSIE!...
LASSIE, STOP
THAT! WE HAVE
COMPANY
WITH US!

WHEEE-EE!
OH, THAT'S ALL
RIGHT, ROBERTA.
THEY WON'T BOTHER
US! IN FACT, WE
LIKE AN AUDIENCE
CIRCUS!



HERE COME AUNT CLARABELLE AND DILBERT! NOW REMEMBER V. AT I TOLD YOU -- NO TRICKS!

OH, AUNTIE CLARABELLE, I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD COME!

DILBERT, SWEETHEART, YOU RUN ALONG WITH THE CHILDREN -- BUT DON'T GET INTO ANY OF THEIR GAMES!

YES,
ROBERTA!
NO,
ROBERTA!

OKAY!

NOW, LISTEN, LASSIE -- I DON'T RELISH THIS IDEA OF HANGING AROUND THE HOUSE ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON. I WANTED TO TAKE ROBERTA TO A BALL GAME -- SO DON'T CAUSE ME ANY TROUBLE! UNDERSTAND?

HELP! HELP!
SOMEONE PLEASE
SAVE ME!

DON'T WORRY,
DILBERT, I'LL
HELP YOU!

YEOW!
HELP...
I'M
STUCK!

AS SOON--
AS --UH--
I CLIMB--

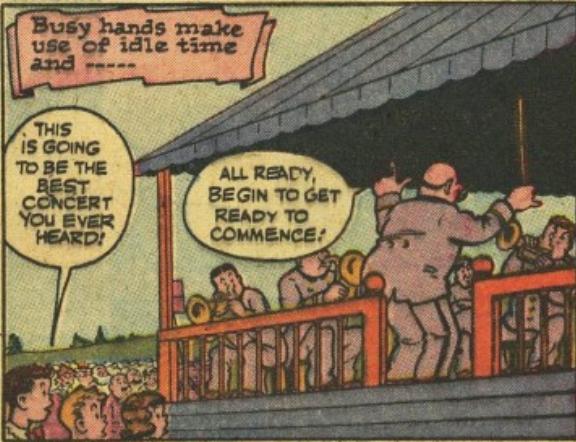
CHEAPSKEAT!
HE CARRIES
A HANDFULL
OF NICKELS TO
SOUND RICH!

WHY, YOU --YOU
LITTLE --! GIVE
ME BACK THAT
MONEY!

SUCKER!
WOW!
I'VE
STRUCK
THE
JACKPOT!







NATIONAL COMICS





The SONG OF SIVA

WEIRD, tragic, the strange singing ceased as abruptly as it had started with the dawn. The early morning sun turned to gold the sandstone heights, and across the Nile waving cane became a molten sea of pale gold.

The score of swarthy natives, their turbans dusty, slowly lifted their heads to gaze in awe at the enormous statue of Siva stained in the golden dawn. It had stood for unknown centuries, a monolith carved in rock, facing the east with its sad rock face.

Only occasionally did the great statue give forth with its weird, lonesome song. Only at dawn, and only for believers, so said the legend. Now it was quiet again, unseeing stone eyes staring over the broad Nile valley.

Slowly the natives mounted their camels and padded silently away into the north, toward Cairo and the rich Suez markets. They were happy. They had been given the "song of Siva". Their trading would be good. They had received the blessing of Isis.

When the natives had disappeared, an aged priest came out of a cave nearby and went to the foot of the statue. He scooped up a handful of coins which the pilgrims had placed in a hollow of the rock. Then he trudged back to his earthen burrow.

Each time wayfarers came along, they left some coins in the hollow, believing the gods received them—thus blessing the kind-hearted donors. It was good business for the priest. He chuckled as he crouched in the cave and counted his findings. He wished that travelers would come along every dawn. . . .

Ben Rashid, bearded leader of a wild tribe of desert thugs, rode his camel as if he were part of it. His followers, heavily burrooed against the growing heat, came behind him. They itched for action. It had been weeks since they had waylaid a caravan. They thirsted for blood.

Dismounting, Ben Rashid approached the foot of the statue. He surveyed it for a moment, then something shiny caught his eye. Partly covered with sand, it lay at his feet. He picked it up. It was a gold piece. Chuckling, he stuck the money in his sash. Then he noticed the dragging foot marks in the sand. They led to a cave not far away.

Ben Rashid motioned to a couple of his men and they strode toward the rocky lair. The old priest came out, shielding his eyes against the fierce glare.

"Go with Isis," he said. "May your travel be comfortable."

"Ho, there, old man!" cried Ben Rashid. "Did you drop this coin?" He flipped the gold piece in his hand.

"Aye," replied the priest. "It is a gift of the kind travelers who stopped here to receive the blessing of Isis."

Ben Rashid eyed him like a snake. "So they leave money, do they?" He motioned to his two men and they pushed the old priest aside and entered the cave.

One of them cried out excitedly and stepped into view carrying a skin bag that was heavy with coins.

"No, no!" cried the old man, grabbing at the bag. "No, I pray you. It is mine! You will be

accursed by the gods if you take it."

Ben Rashid's mocking laughter boomed across the silence of the morning.

He turned to walk off. But the old priest ran after him, holding on to his burroo.

"No, I pray you, do not take it!" he cried.

With a curse Ben Rashid drew a scimitar and slashed quickly. The priest's head, neatly severed, rolled to the ground.

The bearded leader laughed and stuck the sword into the sand, to wipe off the blood.

"A good stroke, master!" said one of the men.

Ben Rashid chuckled. "A double stroke, men," he amended. "One for a head—one for a bag of gold!"

They mounted their camels and rode north.

A few days later, Ben Rashid and his cutthroats were again approaching the statue of Siva. They were on their way to the river—ten miles distant—for water. Their goat skin water bags were almost empty.

Ben Rashid rode up to the statue just as dawn was breaking. He dismounted, looking in the hollow place to see if any kind traveler had left gold. There was none. The old priest's body and severed head still lay where they had fallen. Ben Rashid kicked it disdainfully.

Then suddenly a strange unearthly sound sighed over the desert. Rising in volume as the sun came up, it caused an odd reaction among Rashid's men. They jumped from their mounts and buried their faces in the

NATIONAL COMICS

sand, crying out that the gods were speaking; that Isis was commanding them.

The sound grew until it was almost a scream, and then Ben Rashid noticed that it came from the statue. His dark face turned a shade paler. What was this? Did the gods in truth thus speak through this stone figure? That was crazy, he thought. Superstition.

"Fools!" he cried to the bowing men, "get up and be men, not crawling cowards!"

"O Master," cried one of them. "It was a great sin to kill the priest. Now we are accursed of the gods!"

Ben Rashid bellowed with profane laughter.

"Stupid fools! Do you put faith in the ranting of old men whose brains are turned by the heat? Come. We must get along."

The sound was a wail now. The men lay still. Ben Rashid kicked the one nearest him. "You heard me!" he shouted. "Come on!"

Ben Rashid had no warning of what approached until a stinging wave of hot sand struck his face. The singing of the rock had not permitted the sound of the new terror to be heard. Now like a wild thing it struck them. Great, burning waves of sand screamed against the statue, against the bowed men, against the score of camels.

Ben Rashid fell on his knees now and drew the folds of his burnoose over his head. Nothing could live and face that roaring ocean of sand. The light of day was gone. It was like midnight, the sun blotted out. The sand-storm grew in volume, screaming with a 100 mile wind pressure behind it.

The camels padded off into the south, leaving their masters. Sand piled up. The men dug frantically, their throats parched

for water. There was no water. What little had been left in the bags had gone with the camels.

The day wore on. Evening came, but still the sandstorm raved around the stone statue of Isis. Ben Rashid and his men, panting, eyes tight closed against the sting of sand, tried to keep themselves dug out. But it was growing almost impossible.

Ben Rashid coughed and gasped. His throat was a flaming tunnel, his tongue swollen. What had the old priest said? They were accursed of the gods? Indeed it seemed that way. Would this storm never end?

It didn't end. All through the night it raged and far into the next morning. And all that day the shrieking sand, flailed the desert.

The rocky face of Siva stared into it, not changing, aged-old spectator of many such storms.

It was the score of riderless camels that caused the first sensation in the little oasis of Al Akkam on the Nile. They trudged into the village in the early morning. Immediately the huge humped mount of Ben Rashid was recognized. And there was much speculation as

to what had happened to the leader and his pack.

It was incredible to think that Ben Rashid and his thugs had lost their camels. Yet there they were. And where was Ben Rashid and his gang?

An old priest came up to a group discussing the strange event. He nodded slowly.

"It is the will of Isis," he said quietly. "They defied the gods by killing a priest of Isis and stealing sacred gold. . . . Come, let us go." He turned toward the camels and began to mount one.

"Where, old man? Where would you lead us?"

"Follow me," commanded the priest, setting off. The others climbed on the remaining camels and fell in behind the priest. At length they reached the statue of Siva, now half covered with sand.

"Dig," the priest told them. "And you'll see how the gods keep their promises."

They dug, and soon they had twenty-one bodies laid out on the sand. Ben Rashid and his crew, their faces blackened by awful strangulation. The song of Siva had been their funeral song.

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GIVES YOU

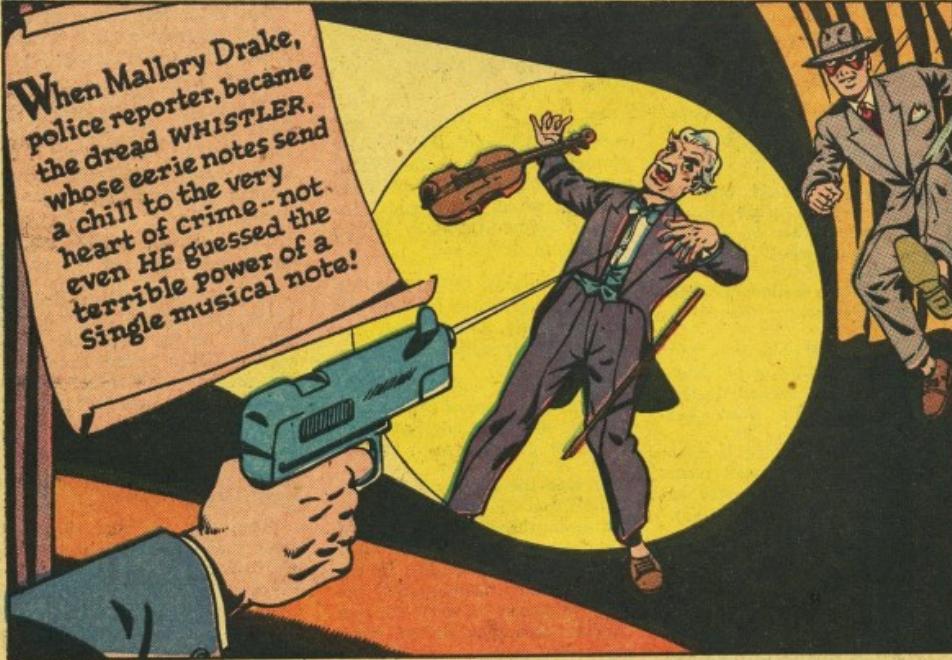
TWICE AS MUCH FOR YOUR DIME!

only QUALITY COMIC MAGAZINES give
you **56** pages of Action, Laughs
and Adventure!

COUNT 'EM!

The WHISTLER

by VERNON HENKEL



A night off for Mallory Drake, police reporter...

I ALWAYS WAS A SUCKER FOR GOOD VIOLIN MUSIC AND LANZ IS TOPS!



LISTEN TO THOSE HIGH NOTES! THEY MAKE MY EARDRUMS QUIVER...



Then, without warning...

WHA...?? A SHOT! AND LANZ IS HIT! SOMEBODY IN THE ORCHESTRA PIT SHOT HIM!

BANG





--THEN I THINK THE WHISTLER WILL HAVE A TRY AT FINDING THE MISSING MURDER GUN!



HMM! NOT MANY PLACES TO HIDE A GUN AROUND HERE! MAYBE IGOR WAS JUST THE FALL-GUY FOR A CLEVER FRAME!



WHA---?? SOMEBODY'S TRYING OPEN A BACK WINDOW! THINGS ARE DEVELOPING--

CREEEAAAC!



I'LL LET HIM GET CLEAR IN AND THEN JUMP HIM!



THE WHISTLER'S EERIE BLAST FREEZES THE INTRUDER'S BLOOD...

GOT YOU!

WHA---?? OOOOFF!



ARGHH-H!

I DIDN'T WANT TO DO THIS -- BUT YOU ASKED FOR IT, PAL!



WELL, FOR ---! IGOR, THE ESCAPED SUSPECT!

THE WHISTLER! I WOULDN'T HAVE FOUGHT IF I'D KNOWN IT WAS YOU!



I RAN AWAY SO I COULD PROVE MY INNOCENCE! I'M BEING FRAMED! I CAME BACK HERE TO FIND THE MURDER WEAPON —

I BELIEVE YOU! THE EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU IS ALMOST TOO OBVIOUS!



LOOK! I NOTICED BEFORE, SOMEBODY NAILED DOWN MY DRUM -- AND WHEN I TRIED IT, IT SOUNDED OFF KEY!

YOU THINK THE GUN'S INSIDE? WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!



SEE! A PISTOL TIED THERE, POINTING TOWARD THE STAGE! THE DRUM WAS NAILED DOWN SO I WOULDN'T MOVE IT AND SPOIL THE AIM!

OH-OH! AND BITS OF BROKEN GLASS SCATTERED AROUND INSIDE! I

THINK I KNOW HOW THE GUN WAS FIRED ---



I BELIEVE YOU'RE INNOCENT, IGOR! NOBODY BUT A FOOL WOULD LEAVE EVIDENCE IN HIS OWN DRUM! YOU GO SURRENDER TO THE POLICE AND I'LL FINISH THIS JOB!



THE REAL KILLER WILL BE HERE TO REMOVE THE GUN, AND I'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM!

I'LL GO RIGHT TO THE POLICE, WHISTLER! THANKS!



Hours later...

WHEW! IT'S ALMOST MORNING AND NO KILLER! IF I'VE GUessed WRONG, I MAY HAVE SENT IGOR TO HIS DEATH! YET ---

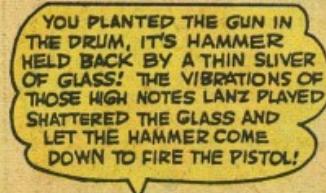
YOU DIDN'T GUESS WRONG, WHISTLER! ---



YOU JUST WATCHED THE WRONG WINDOW... THAT'S ALL!

Ooooooo!





I HAVEN'T LOOKED UNDER YOUR MASK, WHISTLER! WHEN THE POLICE FIND YOUR BODY I WANT TO BE SURPRISED AT YOUR REAL IDENTITY!

THAT'S AWFULLY KIND OF YOU, LENI! (THE KNOTS ARE SLIPPING! IF I HAD A LITTLE MORE TIME...)

THE POLICE WILL NEVER GUESS! NOT ONE MAN IN A THOUSAND KNOWS A HIGH NOTE ON THE VIOLIN CAN SHATTER THIN GLASS BY ITS VIBRATIONS!

HE'S RIGHT IN LINE WITH THE GUN! I'VE GOT ONE SLIM CHANCE -- IF IT WORKS...



Suddenly the WHISTLER'S lips purse—and from them comes a thin, high note—



IT WORKED! I WHISTLED A NOTE SO HIGH THAT IT FIRED THE GUN!

YOU CAN'T! NOBODY CAN WHISTLE A NOTE THAT HIGH ---

EEEEEEAAHHH!

BANG!



MY ARM! YOU SHOT ME IN THE ARM--BUT I'LL KILL YOU!

NOT IF THESE ROPES ARE AS LOOSE AS THEY FEEL!



YOUR NEXT EXPERIMENT WILL BE WITH THE VIBRATIONS OF AN ELECTRIFIED CHAIR, KILLER!



SURE IT'S A GOOD TIME I SEE HIM, BOSS -- I'LL ASK HIM NEXT BUT I WANT A BIGGER ONE! I WANT TO KNOW WHO THE WHISTLER IS! SEE?

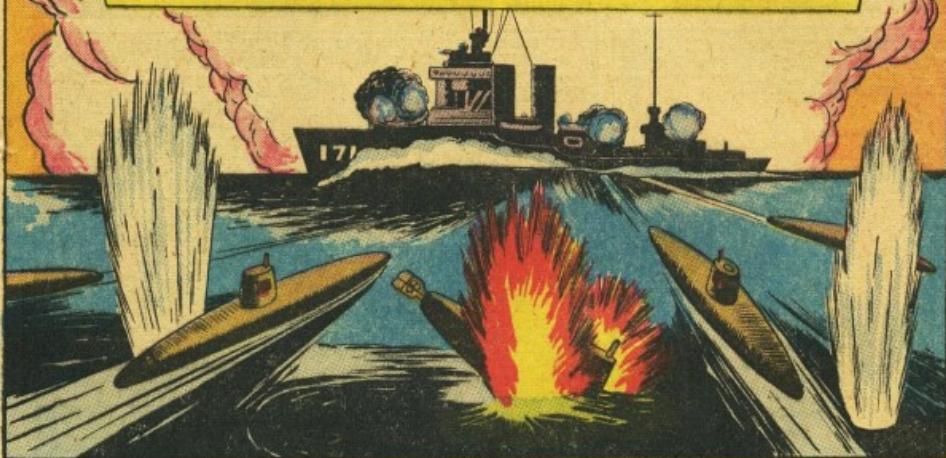


WHISTLER STRIKES AGAIN!...NAILS LANZ KILLER!

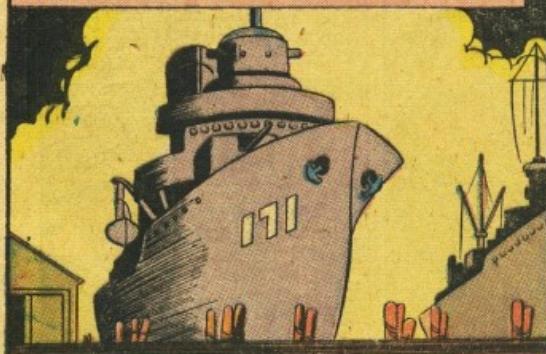
DESTROYER 171

SHORE LEAVE! No words in the lexicon of the sea are more welcome to the sailor! A chance to go home again ... to see his loved ones ... to spend with them the few precious hours before the sea and its battles call him forth again!

But there is little peace or rest for the fighting crew of Destroyer 171 in the flaming, perilous hours of their **Furlough From Battle!**



The famed Destroyer 171 is docked for minor repairs with other units of the fleet....



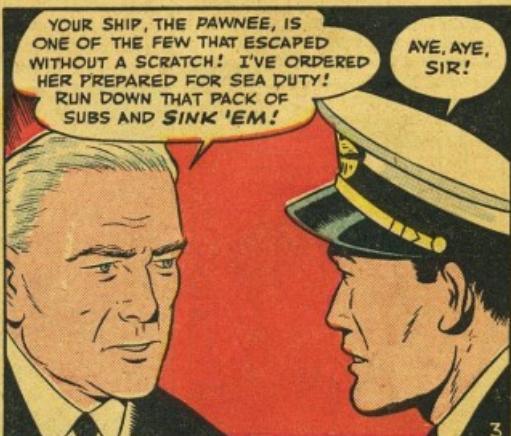
While Commander Harvey Blake and Fred Conroy, his executive officer, visit the residential section of a town....





At this moment, events are in the making that will bear directly upon the length of Executive Officer Conroy's shore leave....





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Soon the u.s.s. Pawnee, the battle-weathered Destroyer 171, makes Out to sea with all possible speed....



SORRY ABOUT YOUR SHORE LEAVE, CONROY!

THANK YOU, SIR! BUT THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT!

WE PICKED UP A SUB ON THE HYDROPHONES SIR!

CENTER THE SOUNDS! PREPARE DEPTH CHARGES!



THERE GO THE EXPLOSIONS! TIMED FOR TWO HUNDRED FEET!

I HOPE THEY'LL BLOW THE SUB TO THE SURFACE!

The

depth-bomb explosions force the midget sub to the surface! The Pawnee fires a warning shell across her bow!

HEAVE TO! OR WE'LL SEND YOU TO THE BOTTOM!



THOSE DEPTH BOMBS TOOK THE FIGHT OUT OF THEM! I HOPE YOUR JAP TALK ISN'T TOO RUSTY, CONROY!



THE NIPS ARE READY TO TALK! I WANT YOU TO FIND OUT THE BASE FROM WHICH THESE TWO-MAN SUBS OPERATE!

WE KNOW IT CAN'T BE MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED MILES FROM OUR BASE! THAT'S THE TOP CRUISING LIMIT ON THESE BABY SUBS!

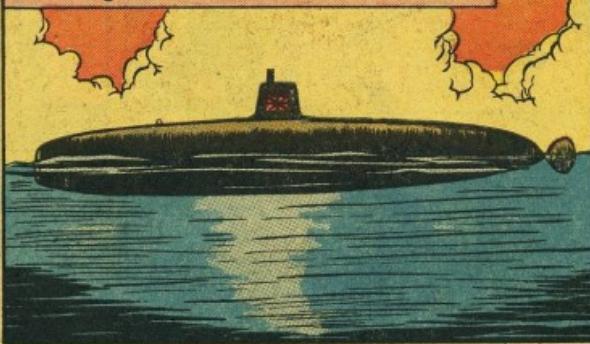
ANY LUCK? THEY PRACTICALLY DREW A MAP, SIR! I CAN FIND THAT BASE WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE!

YOU'RE NOT COMING, CONROY! ENSIGN JEFFRIES AND I ARE MAKING THE TRIP IN THAT CAPTURED SUB!

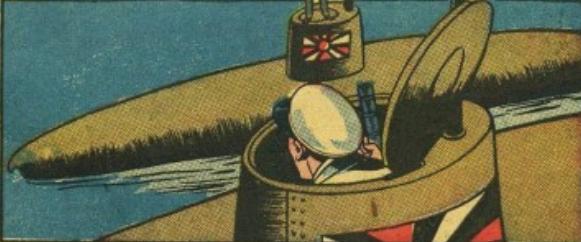
YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME BEHIND!

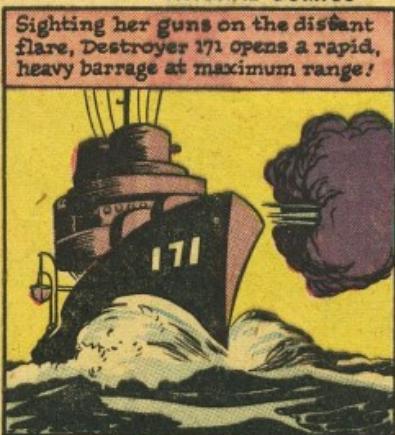


The Captured Jay sub heads away from Destroyer 171, charting a course toward the midget Submarine base....

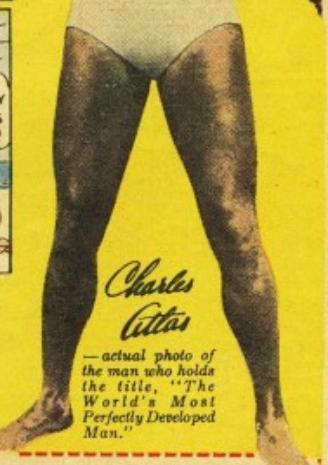


NATIONAL COMICS





HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



**I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too,
in Only 15 Minutes a Day!**

If you, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindly-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—**FREE**. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 33010
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



—actual photo of
the man who holds
the title, "The
World's Most
Perfectly Developed
Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 33010
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name..... (Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

Check here if under 16 for Booklet A



AND THE

Captain

RETURN OF DR. NARSTY

BY C.C. BECK AND PETER COSTANZA

A MEETING OF THE CAPTAIN TOOTSIE SECRET LEGION HAS BEEN CALLED AT THE HOME OF CADWALLADER VAN TILDEN, A NEW MEMBER.

IT WAS NICE OF CADWALLADER'S MOTHER TO LET US MEET AT THEIR HOME, KOLLO! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO MIND OUR MANNERS IN THEIR BEAUTIFUL HOME!

I GUESS MRS. VAN THURN MUST BE TICKLED PINK ABOUT CADWALLADER'S BEING ACCEPTED AS A LEGION MEMBER, CAPT. TOTSIE!

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR
MEETING HERE IN THE
RUMPKUS ROOM. NOW IF
YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL GO
UPSTAIRS TO HAVE MY
BEAUTY FACIAL. I DON'T
WANT TO KEEP THE MAN
WAITING. HE'S PIERRE
OF PARIS, YOU
KNOW!

THIS IS A
WONDERFUL
PLACE, MRS.
VAN TILDEN!
THANKS!

**WOW! IT'S GOT EVERY-
THING - PING-PONG TABLES,
BOXING GLOVES, NEVERY-
THING!**

WHAT DO YOU
SUPPOSE
HAPPENED
TO HER?

SHE'S
GIVING THE
COUNTERSIGN!

I'LL GET
CAPTAIN
TOOTSIE...

A SHRIEK BLAST OF ROLLO'S TOOTSHIE-TOOTER...

...AND CAPT. TOOTSIE SHOWS UP IN A JIFFY

A-HAH! PIERRE OF PARIS, OR RATHER
DR. HARSTY! UP TO YOUR OLD
TRICKS AGAIN, EH?

**WNEW! THIS
IS HARD
WORK!**

HERE, FATSO, PASS THESE AROUND! Tootsie Rolls WILL GIVE YOU ALL EXTRA ENERGY For any job!

HI PALS! ROLLO AND
I EAT LOTS OF CHEWY,
CHOCOLATEY TOOTSIE ROLLS,
BECAUSE THEY'RE
CHOCK-FULL OF
ENERGY!



- TOOTSIE ROLLS are not only delicious, but a fine food as well! They're made with milk and loads of other body-building ingredients which give you the energy you need to win. And TOOTSIE ROLLS give you energy fast! You can fairly feel the energy rush to your muscles after you pop a TOOTSIE ROLL into your mouth! Try a TOOTSIE!



STILL ONLY 